

SONGS OF SUMMER

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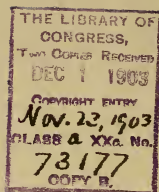
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E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West Twenty-third Street
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Sir Charles William Cazyer Bart



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FROM SONGS AND LYRICS

ODE TO THE SWALLOW

I

THOU bringest Summer on thy steel-blue pinions:
Whom laughter-loving April could not lure
From thy sun-girdled, over-sea dominions,
The maiden May,¹ with drooping lids demure,
Has drawn; and all her opening heart is thine,
Full of the fragrance of expanding buds,
The pink-and-white complexion of the year.
Winter so long delay'd, thro' storm and shine,
Gives place at last—for see thy helpmate scuds
Along the mead! Summer, Summer is here!

II

Tho' few thy seasons, still thy magic gleanings
Hath taught thee April lingers into May;
But who hath taught the mystery and meaning
Of the vex'd wind and variable way?

¹ In 1902 the swallows did not arrive till May, owing to the late and boisterous Spring.

Over the passage of the lonesome deep
Thou wing'st secure, to rear thy callow broods
In shelter of our close-projecting eaves,
To watch and ward their heavy-lidded sleep;
And so the mind, thro' thy maternal moods,
Nature's undeviating course perceives.

III

O glad at heart! O joy and gladness bringing!
Once more we welcome thee to our bluff shores.
O happy swallow thro' the meadow winging
Thine azure flight above the harvest floors.
So long as thou art with us, we may feel
The end of life is not a monied goal,
But rest i' the eye of Nature—each tired head
Laid where her soft caresses gently steal;
But when thou go'st, 't is whispered to the soul,
“The swallows congregate: Summer, Summer is
fled!”

IOLAIRE

LINES WRITTEN IN THE NORTH SEA ON BOARD S. Y.

“ IOLAIRE ”

I

THIS was the land that the Norseman plough'd—
Here lay his furrows, there his shroud :
A thousand years . . . Oh, what are they,
But the romance of yesterday !

Iolaire ! Iolaire !

Dance in the moonbeams free and fair,
Thou art a Viking's chosen bride,
Speed-away, speed-away, over the tide.

II

And these same streamers that we chase
Have tossed their foam in the Viking's face :
A thousand years . . . and the rolling billow
Will rest our sons on the Norseman's pillow.

Iolaire! Iolaire!

Shake out the moonbeams from thy hair,
Scatter thy jewels on the tide,
For thou art a Viking's joy and pride.

III

Breeze of the Norland! fresh and strong,
Blow us a stave of the Viking's song—
One short hour of the Norseman's quest:
The English maid with her snow-white breast.

Iolaire! Iolaire!

The stars are bright, and the night is fair;
Whilst over the moonlit waters wide
The phantom host of the Norsemen glide.

TO THE NIGHTJAR

I

WHEN the moon hangs high in the heavens
And the evening star shines bright,
The purr of the nightjar leavens
The music of the night.

II

It speaks of the soft caresses
That Summer gave to June.
His murmurous voice impresses
The magic of the moon.

III

Past hill and dale it leadeth—
Now far, now very near,
While note to note succeedeth
More passionately clear.

IV

O joy for the happy lover
To find, as he nears his bliss,
The song of the nightjar cover
His first, ecstatic kiss!

V

As spirit with spirit blendeth,
The wheel-bird ¹ carols low;
Anon the vale he rendeth
With the fulness of his woe.

VI

And in those deep embraces
He seems to bear a part:
In quiet, woodland places,
Where heart clings close to heart.

VII

Lips that the day did sever,
Spirits by song set free,

¹ So called from the resemblance of the nightjar's purr to that of a spinning-wheel in motion.

Now meet like an unchain'd river
As it mingles with the sea.

VIII

Whilst thro' and thro' their gladness
There thrills the nightjar's song,
And to such old-world madness
He croons the whole night long.

IX

Bird of the high mid-summer!
Silent, and swift, and shy;
Linger awhile, sweet hummer,
Beneath our northern sky.

X

For the lands of the south shall hear thee
When our nights are long and chill;
And my heart will be cold and dreary
Till thy song comes over the hill.

THE SOU'WESTER

BLUSTERING, boisterous wind, that bloweth over the
bracken,

Rending the knotted oak, and tearing the stalwart
pine,

Never for one short pause do thy wild coursers slacken,
Hurrying, scurrying by, with slashing sting of the
brine.

Roaring, and rolling along with the force of the full
Atlantic,

Bending the fern-leaf'd beech, and breaking the
poplar's pride,

Driving the giant chiefs and lords of the forest frantic,
Writhing their mighty limbs in tortuous circles wide.

On over boulder and crag with a fury that brooks no
negation,

Bellowing back to the blast, booming aloud to the
vale,

Now like the sweep of a scythe as it moweth in close
serration,

Now like the rush of a torrent lash'd white with
wintry hail.

On over bracken and ling, over bilberry, gorse, and
heather,

Raying their silvery sides in the light of the wester-
ing sun,

On over bramble and broom, where the tall grasses
blow together,

On in the joy of battle, in the armour of victories
won.

Quieted now are the million, murmurous voices of
summer,

Only the thud of the surf in the beat of a surging
sea,

Whilst over above the gale the voice of the fierce new-
comer—

“I am the breath of a spirit that wandereth ever
free!”

ICONOCLASTS

I

THERE are those who would silence the thrush,
And stifle his wood-notes wild ;
But never for them the evening's hush,
Or the heart of a little child !

II

THERE are those who would ravish a flower,
Or tear the sweet rose from its stem ;
But the spirit that lives from hour to hour
Shall never abide with them !

III

THERE are those who would strangle belief,
Profaning the mystic tryst ;
But over the swirling waters of grief
Comes the luminous face of Christ !

TO M. B.

ON A VISIT TO THE AUTHOR

WELCOME to us as the first breath of Spring

That the pale, sweet snowdrops usher in!

My Mary, your visits no sooner begin

Than you, like the first of the flowers, take wing!

EASTERTIDE

I

COME wrap the crocus in his winding-sheet,
For lowly lies his head,
His wind-blown petals torn with snow and sleet,
And March, the slayer, fled.

II

Lo Easter comes, and with the risen Lord
A million chimes awake :
The grass springs greener from the dripping sod,
The lily scents the brake.

III

And Nature hails her new-appointed priest
With music all her own ;
Her choirs await him in the dewy East,
And his bright service crown.

IV

Till every glade takes up the joyous song,
And every rill unites—
“Glory to him to Whom all joys belong,
Hosanna in the heights!”

LOVE IN CHAINS

I FLUNG Love down upon the dungeon floor,
Close-shackled to his fellow-prisoner Hate;
Grim warders twain I set before the door—
My Pride and Will, to guard him for his fate.
Daily I sign'd the warrant for his doom,
Yet daily that fell mandate I withdrew;
A thousand times I wish'd him in the tomb,
A thousand times his life I would renew.
At last perplex'd, yet wishing he should feel
Some measure of the torment I endured,
To harsher usage I my heart did steel,
And for the rogue fresh chastisement procured.
Ah, vain my hope; vain, too, the grinding chain,
For Love rose up and bless'd me in his pain!

SOUL-MASTERY

No man hath gain'd soul-mastery, without
Fierce self-renunciation; and the fight
So hardly won, so perilous near to rout,
Widens man's whole horizon to his sight.

THE VISION

SOFTLY she comes at the close of day
And stands beside my chair,
The thrush calls loudly from topmost spray,
Lightens the evening star.

So, in the dusk of that twilight land,
When those we love draw nigh,
I take once more that belovèd hand,
Her lips to mine comply.

Once more for us 'neath the fading skies
A veil of blue is drawn,
Once more for us in each other's eyes
Opens the pearly dawn.

Ah, woe is me for that vacant place,
She doth not heed nor hear!
Ah God, that the loss of one loved face
Can leave the world so drear!

A SPIRIT HATH FLED FROM MY HEARTH

A SPIRIT hath fled from my hearth,

A spirit I shall see no more:

All desolate now is my path

By the wave-trodden shore.

Ah, the days that are over and gone,

And the nights that were number'd as one;

How can I live on, love, alone

In the light of the sun?

For the things that did gladden me once

Are now but a torment to me,

And with them all joy I renounce,

For it speaks but of thee!

And so, thro' the slow-ranging years,

I abide with my pain,

Until thro' the mist of my tears

I enfold thee again.

O WORLD, THY CREED

O WORLD, thy creed is cold and stark;
How little dost thou heed our weeping!
Whilst ever thro' the glimmering dark
The shadow of death is slowly creeping.

AT PARTING

SHE caught my eyes, and held them with her own :
There might I read what speech would not betray,
What human lips could never yet convey,
The language that the heart must speak alone !
In that brief moment was her spirit known,
All the fierce doubts of many an anguish'd day
In that bright radiance seem'd to pass away,
For surely love was to full stature grown ?

Bravely she faced me in that last farewell,
Proudly, yet mute, with virginal control,
One look that made my heart's blood surge and swell,
And then again sweet mastery of the whole.
Unalterable love, ah, who can tell,
Yet in her eyes had dawn'd the immortal goal !

TIME TO YOUTH

AH, fold her fast in thy victorious arms,
Thy thirst for beauty now or never slake,
Too soon the baneful morn, when thou shalt wake
To find some diminution of her charms!

A DULL DAY IN SEPTEMBER

A MELANCHOLY wind moans all the day ;
The rain comes down at intervals, and then
As quickly lifts into the vault again,
Whilst little torrents tear their ribbèd way.
The sky is dun, with leaden rifts and gray,
The hurrying clouds break 'neath the veering strain,
And little isles of blue appear amain,
To lose themselves in leagues of billowy spray.

So on towards Evening, when the conquering Sun,
Rolling the beaten foe before his face,
And breaking up his forces one by one,
Completes his victory over time and space,
And on the field he has so hardly won
Calls off his glittering legions from the chase.

THE TRAGEDY OF BEAUTY

Is there to womanhood a woe so deep,
 A moment that so ruthlessly congeals,
As that when, rising from soft-liddéd sleep,
 She first perceives that Time upon her steals?

YOUNG DESIRE

WHEN young Desire first shakes his lustrous wings,
Rejoicing in the strength which manhood brings,
And, like the dragon-fly in summer's pride,
Flaunts his bright armoury from side to side,
What charm can keep his passionate heart secure?
What amulet resist the Devil's lure?
O Love! there is no talisman like this—
The sanctity of one true woman's kiss.

CHARITY

TRUE test and savour of a Christian soul—

Sweet Charity, how rarely art thou found!

Or, found at all, how seldom is thy dole

Meted to Christian folk on Christian ground!

LORD, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY!

I

'MID clashing creeds and civic strife,
'Mid hosts with jealous envy rife,
'Mid all the turbulence of life,
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

II

'Mid wrongs that speak from hour to hour
Of raging lust, of rampant power,
Of many a bruised and broken flower,
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

III

'Mid lives whose luxury decrees
To millions broken hearts and knees,
'Mid wanton waste and slothful ease,
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

IV

'Mid tongues that slander and defame,
That batten on a neighbour's shame,
Regardless of the lives they maim,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

V

Give us Thy faith—the faith of old,
Hope springing from her fount of gold,
And Charity that grows not cold,
And teach us how to pray!

VI

Be Thou our inspiration still,
Make us subservient to Thy will,
Our hearts with Thy compassion fill,
And teach us how to pray!

A MAXIM FOR EVERY DAY

Do all the good you can,
Take up thy human load,
Fulfil the higher man,
And leave the rest with God!

DEC. 1, 1903

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